

MAINE FARMER

AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,
Publisher.

Saturday Morning,
December 2, 1843.

Maine Farmer and Mechanic's
Advocate,
Is published every Saturday Morning by
WILLIAM NOYES,

WINTHROP,

To whom all letters on business must be directed.
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Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptance of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

Particular Notice.

The subscriber having sold the Maine Farmer, and after publishing four more numbers, his connection with the paper ceases, now calls upon all subscribers who are in arrears for payment. Those indebted for job-work or advertising are also called upon to make immediate payment. Those living at a distance can send through the Post Masters of the towns in which they live free of postage.

The subscriber hopes this call will be attended to by each, and every subscriber who is indebted forthwith, for he is satisfied that it will be better for him, and he knows that it will be a great deal better for those indebted to heed well this call.

Subscribers in this and the adjoining towns are particularly required to call, and if they cannot pay now, settle their accounts, as I am much more desirous of settling them myself than having —

— Esq. settle them for me. It will be cheaper for you—depend upon it.

WILLIAM NOYES.

Bommer's Manure.

Our farmers, generally, know that Mr. Bommer obtained a patent for manufacturing manure by a peculiar mode of fermenting straw, leaves, and other vegetable matters. We obtained a right of him last spring with an intention of putting it to the test, and ascertaining the facts in regard to it; but circumstances beyond our control have prevented our doing this, yet we have no doubt that his mode is a successful one, it being based upon well tried and known laws of chemical science. The only question in our mind, is in regard to its economy in our section of country. We have recently received from Mr. Barnett, agent of Mr. Bommer, a new publication, elucidating Bommer's method of making manure in a much more clear and satisfactory way than in his first publication. We shall examine this work more carefully and make a review of it. If peat can be fermented in as short a time as other vegetable matters and at a cost that will come within a reasonable range it will be quite an acquisition. We are aware that there is a prejudice against patents, but if it is right to grant patents to mechanics for their inventions, certainly the man, who, by long study and research discovers a good mode of manufacturing refuse matter into manure in a short time, thereby making a saving of time and expense, is deserving of some right and title to his discoveries.

CORN MEAL KILN DRIED FOR PROVENDER, &c. We see complaints in some parts of the far *sud* and fertile West that, although they raise Indian corn by the thousand and ten thousand bushels with great ease, yet it is not profitable to them on account of the great supply and their distance to market. Now if they would take the pains to grind their corn and thoroughly kiln dry the meal, it might be transported in barrels to the ends of the earth in good condition. Why would it not be a good plan to crack it coarsely and then kiln dry it; pack it in barrels for provender. By being thus opened it would dry more easily, and probably preserve it. Are there no Yankees there to try the project? If not, we'll send along a "raft" of them to do it.

HORSES.

We believe that the breed of horses in Maine is rather degenerating. There does not seem to be the right kind of spirit abroad in regard to this species of stock. Our farmers are very prone to go into extremes. Not many years ago there was too much of a horse mania. Now there is not enough. Formerly every farmer bent his whole energy and strength to the raising of horses, and now there is hardly spirit enough to raise as many good ones as will supply the demand. It is true that horses are "cheap," and one reason is, the most of those offered for sale ought to be cheap, for they are always hung up in an apple-tree, exposed to rain and sunshine; and for the same good and consistent reason, left his ploughs, harrows, chains, axes, &c., out in the open air.

I have seen a farmer who was and is so generous, open-hearted, liberal, and uncommonly polite and good-natured, that he always has some half-dozen loafing, mean, contemptible, disinterested "cousins" or friends, around him, eating at his bounteous and luxurious table, and drinking his rich wines and refreshing cider; and yet these scheming, cunning vagabonds, or walking pestilences in the shape of human beings, could not, would not raise a finger to ameliorate this man's condition, were he in trouble and distress.

I have seen farmers (and to their shame be it spoken) as well as persons of other classes, subscribe for, receive and read a newspaper for two or three years in succession, and when called upon by

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT PORTLAND AND WINTHROP.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

EZEKIEL HOLMES, { Editors.
FRANCIS O. J. SMITH, }

New Series. Vol. II. No. 48.
Whole No. 568.

NOTE.—Right. "Go it Jere!"—Ed.

Transplanting Fruit Trees.

MR. EDITOR.—I am very desirous of transplanting some fruit trees into an orchard, this autumn or in the spring. My land is warm and rather dry. The works which I have read on the subject, it is recommended to use a plenty of rich loam; but this is an article of which I have but little to spare. I have, however, a plenty of

now but once each year, without feeding. Yet the harvest diminished from year to year, and last year we ploughed it, turning the furrow flat, and laid it again to grass. Not this lot only, but all the lots that we have ever noticed, will run out, or bind out, unless top-dressings are often applied; and if the land is low and wet, course and sour grasses will creep in, even with top-dressings.

We object to feeding mowing grounds close in the fall; for if the soil is left bare the frost operates unfavorably, and the spring rains dry off too rapidly

for the benefit of the new growth. Showers in May are not retained on the surface half so long, as when there is a quantity of vegetable matter on the surface.

In all the rows remain as will obstruct the scythe the next season, and it often makes a harbor for mice. The rowen makes excellent fall feed, and we cannot well do without it. When it is not mown off we like to see it *trampled down and led down*, unless the land is wet and poachy; and that which is trampled down close will be of much more service to the next crop than that which stands erect.

We have long since come to the conclusion that it is not good policy, in any part of the country, to exclude entirely our stock from our mowing fields.

If we live near large markets we want the rowen for our milch cows; and if we live far in the interior we need it for cows or for fattening stock.

They will afford us the means of a top-dressing, or of a dressing on the furrow when we plough for the purpose of re-seeding.

In regard to continuing potatoes from year to year on the same land, there is now not much difference of opinion among farmers in any quarter of New England; yet this crop may be retained longer on a clay soil than on our sandy loams. We lived for ten years on the banks of the Kennebec river and raised many potatoes for market. In that region potatoes are more liable to be injured by rust than in Massachusetts, and we have often taken notice that rust was much more prevalent when the land was planted a second year with potatoes.

Farmers in New Hampshire and Vermont, who have raised largely for the distilleries, agree on this point. In Rhode Island and in the valley of the Connecticut, we have often conversed with farmers on this subject, and we find but little difference of opinion among them.

Land is a country well adapted to the potato, and we should not be surprised to find good crops there for two years in succession; even here the second harvest may prove the greater of the two when the manure is ploughed under the sod about the time of planting the first year's potatoes.

English writers have often told us that they have whole districts there which will not bear potatoes, though formerly large harvests were obtained. We believe their farmers seldom plant the same ground twice in succession. [Mass. Ploughman.]

GENERAL WICKHAM'S FARM-HOUSE is one of the neatest cottages we have lately viewed; with a pretty yard in front, studded with flowers, and embosomed in shrubbery. The piggery, barns, stables and yards, are also very complete; and they all stand close by a wild little stream that runs babbling on in its clear full course over a pebbly bottom to the noble Wallkill. Altogether it is one of the prettiest models of a dairy establishment we have ever seen, and a young friend of ours, who accompanied us to inspect it, quite forgot his own hand-made cottage and fine farm, in admiration of that of General Wickham's.

In a future No., we shall take up the milk dairies of Orange county, and give a description of the method of preparing and sending it to this city for sale. We shall also have many particulars to relate hereafter of farms which we visited there, course of cropping, stock, and other matters.

This county is unsurpassed in some respects, and in consequence of its contiguity to a city market, its course of agriculture varies considerably from those portions of the State more remote.

[American Agriculturist, N. Y.]

Breeders' Convention.

About forty gentlemen met on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, October 17th, at the Repository of the American Institute, agreeably to the circular of the Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society, of June last, to form a convention of breeders, to take into consideration the establishment of some fixed scale of points, which shall form the criteria of the best animals of the different breeds of domestic cattle.

The convention was unopposed in some respects, and in consequence of its contiguity to a city market, its course of agriculture varies considerably from those portions of the State more remote.

[American Agriculturist, N. Y.]

Orange County Butter Making.

Goshen butter, made in Orange county, this State, is celebrated the world over as being equal, if not superior, to any other produced in the United States. It undoubtedly owes its reputation in a measure to the careful manner in which it is made; the food of the cows, however, from which the milk is concocted, has something to do with it, as the pastures in the best districts of Orange county abound with sweet grass and white clover, which unquestionably are great requisites to ensure sweet butter.

We took the opportunity during two recent trips to this county, to visit several of its dairies, and make ourselves as well acquainted with the process of butter-making here as our time would allow.

The those the most complete which passed under our inspection, we found upon the farms of

Frederick J. Betts, Esq., of Newburgh, and General Wickham of Goshen. As we took full notes of the latter establishment, our description will apply more particularly to this.

The cows are regularly salted and kept in good

pasture during summer; in the winter, each one by itself in a stall, with a separate door to it, in a building forming two sides of a square, round a large commodious yard. The lower story of the barn is appropriated for the stables, the upper part for hay and fodder. General Wickham has several dairy establishments; the most perfect is that with two miles of Goshen, numbering 40 cows. These are brought up to the yard night and morning, and regularly milked. The outer palings of the yard is distant only about 50 feet from the farmhouse. Here, right opposite the farmhouse, is placed a tunnel, into which the milk is poured as fast as a pailful is obtained from the cows. A short perpendicular tin pipe connects the tunnel with a horizontal one, which is buried two feet under the ground out of the way of frost, and leads into the cellar of the house. When the milking operation is going on, a woman stands in the cellar with empty pails placed under the end of this horizontal tube, which, as fast as filled, she sets away upon the cellar bottom. Here the milk stands till it becomes lopped and soured, as it is said to make more butter in this state than in any other, and of a better quality. It is now poured, cream and all into the churns, which hold about one barrel each. If the weather be cool, and the milk not sufficiently warm to come readily, a can is filled with hot water, and this is placed in the milk in the churn, and stirred about till it reaches a temperature of from 55 to 60 degrees. A small water-power is now applied to the churns, the handles of which are moved up and down on the same principle as in Fig. 53, No. 8, of this periodical. Where water-power cannot be had, a dog, goat, calf, or sheep is used; and the best power for an animal is Fig. 54 of the present No. Water-power, however, is to be preferred, as it is the most steady, and according to the good housewife's notion, who certainly ought to be authority on these subjects, it produces the best butter. When the butter has come, the power is stopped, and a pump is rigged into the churn; the hand of this instrument is then attached to the power, and the butter-milk pumped up into a reservoir just outside of the cellar, standing on a level with the ground. From this the butter-milk is conducted by means of a tin pipe about 100 feet to another reservoir by the piggery, from which the milk is dipped out in buckets, and fed to the pigs; so that everything almost, moves of its own accord or by water, from the moment the milk is drawn from the cows in the stall, till it is churned into butter, and the butter-milk is concocted into pork from the pigs' stomach. The whole expense of laying down these tin tubes is trifling. The expense of building a water-wheel, and bringing the water to it is greater or less according to one's position; but when a dairy of 40 cows is kept, it is well worthy of being adopted if not too costly.

M.

— Our intelligent correspondent, who lives

near this city, has touched upon subjects that have

been often discussed, yet farmers still disagree as

to results; we must make great allowance for vari-

ous soils.

In regard to fall feeding of mowing grounds,

there has long been a prevalent notion that if we

keep the cattle away and suffer all the after-grow-

th time. A wealthy farmer in Winslow, (Maine)

many years ago, tried this plan, and we have known

others to try it. We have now a half acre of

mowing ground, in our own garden, which was

manured for a number of years in succession, and

is well washed inside with cold water, and then

rubbed all around with salt; the butter does not

then adhere to the sides of the keg, but comes off

clean when wanted to be taken out for table use.

It is put down in layers as churning of three or four

inches deep. When the keg is full, a linen cloth

is placed over the top of the butter, on this about

half an inch of salt, to which a little water is added

so as to form a brine. The keg is now headed up

and sent to market. Mr. Betts thinks if the butter

would be destined for shipping, stone jars with covers

would be preferable to kegs for packing, and his

opinion coincides with our own.

In butter-making, a good cellar is a very impor-

tant consideration; indeed, without one, it is almost

impossible to produce good butter. The cellar

should be about 7 feet deep; 18 inches of which

should be above the level of the ground, for the

purpose of having windows in it for ventilation.

These should be open at all times, and instead of

glass made of fine wire-gauze, stretched across the

apertures. This prevents the entrance of the

smaller fly or gnat, and yet is no hindrance to the

air. The walls ought to be of stone, and pointed;

the bottom of stone slabs or cobble stone, thickly

plastered with water cement. Made in this manner,

neither rat, nor mouse, nor any other vermin can

find entrance; and the butter, and cream, and milk,

are perfectly protected.

General Wickham's farm-house is one of the

nicest cottages we have lately viewed; with a

pretty yard in front, studded with flowers, and embo-

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On 3d Wednesday of January next.

We look upon the establishment of a scale of points, which shall be considered as constituting the criteria of the best breeds of domestic animals, as a very important one; and we hope that it will be well considered, and nothing crude may be put forth as a guide to the public in these matters. Such a report ought to be accompanied with casts of the animals as a whole, and then in separate parts, both inside and out, to elucidate the subject in full, with all the different points numbered and explained. If we do anything less than this, we shall only be repeating what is already as well said in British periodicals as can be. For our own part, as the attention of British breeders is now particularly called to this subject, we would prefer first seeing a report from them. They have more knowledge and experience than we, and more time and wealth to bestow upon it; and after seeing what is done in Great Britain, we shall be prepared to act more understandingly in our own country. We do not say that their criteria should be ours entirely; our climate and wants demand something varying, perhaps, from any part of Europe; and when we have seen what the science of Great Britain decides as constituting perfection, then we can adopt it with such modifications as shall be considered necessary for the different sections of America.

[American Agriculturist.]

PATHEMUS.

A correspondent of the Providence Chronicle says that La Roy Sunderland, editor of the Magnet, is lecturing in that city to crowded audiences upon Pathemus, a term which he has adopted to represent the phenomena which have been known under the terms "mesmerism" and "neurology."

The writer notices one lecture upon "dreaming Insanity, Clairvoyance, and Second Sight of Ghosts," seeing, during which Mr. Sunderland performed several really wonderful experiments.

"He gave what seemed to be a most clear and satisfactory account of some of the laws by which these states are induced, and then, proceeded to bring on those singular phenomena, in such of the audience as might prove to be susceptible. But, it should be understood, that he made no particular selections of persons for this purpose. He brought his process to bear upon the entire assembly; and, notwithstanding the excitement and confusion which proceeded in the vast crowd, it was soon found, that some eight or ten persons were in a state of real somnambulism, and four of them, we were assured, were new subjects, having never been put to sleep before.

The lecturer used no manifestations, and said nothing in particular to either of the patients; and yet, we noticed, that two or three of them left their seats and made their way up to the platform, where he was standing—On their being seated, he put them into a state of trance, which Mr. Sunderland believed to be as real as any that ever occurred. One of the somnambulists, described the angels, and departed spirits, which she saw, and the tones in which she sang and spoke, affected many of the audience, even to tears. Her appearance was truly angelic, what the cause may have been we pretend not to say.

Next, Mr. Sunderland restored one of the patients to wakefulness, and induced that state of mental hallucination, called "second sight."—And sure enough, the lady with her eyes wide open, arose and stretched her hands towards what she took to be the spirit of her deceased father; and with whom she conversed in a style not easily describable! And, what was still more remarkable, if possible, at this instant, another lady, who sat near, and one who had not been put to sleep at all, gave a piercing shriek, declaring that she also saw the ghost of her deceased sister, and it was some moments before the lecturer was able to compose and quiet her mind."

Mr. Sunderland, we believe, is a clergyman of the Methodist denomination, and has devoted much of his time for several years past to the investigation of the subject of Magnetism. He differs from other magnetisers in regard to the passage of magnetic fluid from the operator into the patient; and, the Chronicle writer says, the manner in which he practices his art is more scientific than that adopted heretofore. [Bangor Gazette.]

POSTAGE.—The enormous rates of postage at present paid form a burden which bears with such weight on the great body of western farmers as to excuse us for complaining of it in a journal devoted to agricultural interests.

There is no division of opinion, we believe, among men of all political parties, that the rates of postage are far too high. We should make no complaint did we believe the present rates necessary for the revenues of the department—though even then the question would not be imperious, whether it would not be better that the revenues of this department should be aided from other sources, than that it should bear with such peculiar weight on those upon whom it bears so hardly as in numberless cases it now does.

The West has a peculiar interest in relation to the subject of postage. The distance at which its inhabitants are obliged to correspond, puts all of the western postage at its highest rates. And such has been the severity of the times, that farmers with large property invested in their farms here, have been often unable to command, for a length of time together, money enough to pay the postage on a letter to an eastern friend. With how much more severity has this been felt by those in humbler circumstances. The poorer classes are often, too, such as that loss of correspondence with friends is the severest of trials.

Can it be doubted, then, that a reduction of postage would be attended with an increase of revenue? We believe that, were the rates so adjusted that in place of twenty-five cents now exacted, ten cents only were taken, that five letters would go from the West where one goes now. It is cruel to put a tax on correspondence that amounts to an embargo in a case like this. Parents and children would gladly hear from each other often, provided the money is in their power. The revenues of the Post Office Department in Great Britain have increased with the reduction of their rates of postage. And every reason which would operate there, would operate with equal and in many cases with greater force, here.

The law as it now stands is unequal and capricious. A newspaper, of whatever size, is taxed only a cent and a half—while if it be in pamphlet form, although no longer, the postage is nearly doubled. Why not tax according to size, and let it be put in whatever form shall best please the patrons and proprietors? Manuscript matter for publication is taxed in the ratio of letter postage; and proofsheets sent by mail, if altered by the substitution of one word for another, are taxed the whole postage over again. All this is hard and entirely wrong.

Let us have a salutary reduction, with such restrictions as shall be necessary—but let us have a reduction. We hope the farmers and mechanics of the West will feel themselves interested, and forward petitions to the proper quarters. If they are ever entitled to be heard, they surely are so in this case. [Prairie Farmer.]

Professions and Trades.—From Mr. Adams' address to the members of Cincinnati Bar, who tendered him a complimentary dinner during his late visit to that city, we extract the following paragraph:

"It is common to say that the professions of the law is the most honorable and most dignified, that can be exercised by man. Possibly some of you may think so. It is possible you may have entered upon the profession with that impression. But that impression is not mine. I do believe that the liberties of the country depend more upon the members of the Bar, than upon any other profession common to man. Yet I do not consider it, in point of dignity, in point of importance, beyond that of the Shoemaker, or the Tailor, or the Housewright, or Mason, or any mechanical profession. I consider it not superior to the profession of the Healing Art, destined to alleviate and remove the physical evils of the human race; far less do I consider it superior to that profession which connects man with the future and with God."

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett.

Philosophy in Sport.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

"And now, my dear vicar, have you done? Have you said all you think necessary, in defence of ancient music? If so, hear me; as the advocate of modern harmony. In the first place there is not an anecdote which can be adduced in support of your side of the question, that may not be met with one parallel, and equally strong, in defence of mine. You cite the authority of Plato, to show that the constitution of a state may be affected by changing its national music. What said the great Lord Chatham?—'Give me the making of the national ballads, and I care not who makes the laws,' and the effects produced on the English people by Dibdin's songs, fully justified the maxim: but remember, Mr. Twaddleton, it was not the music; but the poetry, of those songs, which kindled the patriotic feelings which saved our country; and I apprehend that this has been the case in all ages where the power of music has been said to excite the feelings of the populace. We know that the ancient bards of our own country called forth the emotions of their hearers by the poetry of their songs; and with what success they practised their calling we may imagine from the fact that Edward the First, in his conquest of Wales, had recourse to the barbarous expedient of murdering all the bards, from the many obstacles they threw in his way, by the strong hold which they had over the minds of the people. You have told us a story of Timotheus, and the influence of his harp over a drunken monarch. If this is adduced in proof of the power of ancient music, you must at least admit that modern times have also had a Timotheus, who could excite calm, at his pleasure, the most impetuous emotions. Henry III., king of France, says 'Le Journal de Sancy,' having given a concert on occasion of the marriage of the Duke de Joyeuse, a celebrated musician of that period, executed certain airs, which had such an effect on a young nobleman, that he drew sword, and challenged every one near him to combat, but Claudin, equally prudent as Timotheus, instantly changed to an air, sub Phrygian, or Lydian, I suppose, which appeared the furious youth. But what shall we say of Stradella, the celebrated composer, whose music made the daggers drop from the hands of the assassins? Stradella was attacked by three desperadoes, who had been hired to assassinate him; but fortunately, they had an ear sensible to harmony. While waiting for a favourable opportunity to execute their purpose, they entered the church of St. John de Lateran, during the performance of an oratorio, composed by the person whom they intended to destroy, and were so affected by the music, that they abandoned their design and even waited on the musician to apprise him of his danger. Nay, Isaac Vossius himself, the exponent of rhythm, were he now alive, would never credit it."

"Are you willing to make the experiment?" said Miss Villers; "if so, be so kind as to leave the room for a few minutes."

The vicar accordingly prepared to depart, casting at the same time, upon his fair companion, a look which sufficiently expressed the scepticism he felt upon the occasion.

"But you have not told me," said he, "by what signal I am to return, and submit to the proposed ordeal."

"The music will inform you, if you pay sufficient attention to its language," replied Miss Villers.

The door having been carefully closed, the company were consulted, in a whisper, as to the service they should require the vicar to perform. "I should propose," said Miss Villers, "that Mr. Twaddleton be directed to take a rose out of a basket of flowers on the chimney-piece, and having smelt it, to carry it to the heap, and place it on its pillar; after this, I propose that he should strike the strings, and then lead Fanny out of the room."

"And do you propose to express all these different movements by the aid of music? If you succeed, there must be an end to the vicar's scepticism," observed Mr. Seymour.

"If I fail upon this occasion, it will be the first time," said Miss Villers; "but you must all promise to be silent, and to maintain the most absolute command over your countenances."

Miss Villers seated herself at the piano-forte, and played off an elegant and sparkling overture, which so delighted Mrs. Seymour that she involuntarily exclaimed, "If music can be made to speak an intelligible language, it must be under the guidance of Miss Villers."

"Hush!" cried the performer, in a half whisper; "I am now about to summon the vicar into the room."

She accordingly, with exquisite taste and address, introduced the air of "Open the door, Lord Gregory," into which she infused so much expression that the vicar must have been as dull as Midas had he not instantly caught its meaning. Nor were the lady's hopes disappointed. Mr. Twaddleton entered, and appeared as if anxious to address the performer; but an intelligible glance from Mr. Seymour recalled him to his duty, and hermetically sealed his lips. His intention had been, doubtless, to inquire whether his appearance were seasonable; but the question was anticipated by Miss Villers, who immediately on his entrance struck up the air of "See the conquering Hero comes," which, at once, satisfied his doubts, and conveyed, in language not to be misunderstood, the sanction of the enchantress, to whose spells he had so unreservedly entrusted himself.

The vicar had been told that he was to perform certain acts on his re-admission into the room; but, thought he, how am I to discover the thread which is to guide me through so perplexing a maze? I can discover at this moment nothing but a concord of sweet sounds, that would rather dispose me to listen in profound repose, than to enter upon any service of exertion. Miss Villers saw and guessed the nature of his embarrassment, and changing the melody, struck into the air of "Burken, and I will tell thee how." She then, by a succession of well selected chords, which were now played "piano," and now "forte," convinced the vicar that she commanded an instrument fully capable of readily and forcibly expressing encouragement and repulse in all its degrees.

They may practise what they learn by tradition in a mechanical way, but they are the mere creatures of tradition. They do only what they have seen done; not what they are capable of doing.

"In that you wrong me. I certainly do not believe that the ancients were better skilled than ourselves in music; and I have been anxious to convince you that there are as many modern as ancient stories, in proof of the influence of harmony over our feeling; but no one will deny that music is capable of producing extraordinary effects. Let us only interrogate ourselves, and examine what have our sensations on hearing in majestic or warlike piece of music, or a tender and pathetic air sung or played with expression. Who does not feel that the latter tends as much to melt the soul and dispose it to pleasure, as the former to animate an exalt it? There is a celebrated air in Switzerland, which, I have no doubt, Miss Villers will presently play to a tyrant who had taken him prisoner, the person who performed the part of the tyrant, and was to have refused his request, was so affected by the music, that he actually melted into tears and clasped the captive in his arms."

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the vicar. I see plainly that you believe not in the power of music."

"In that you wrong me. I certainly do not believe that the ancients were better skilled than ourselves in music; and I have been anxious to convince you that there are as many modern as ancient stories, in proof of the influence of harmony over our feeling; but no one will deny that music is capable of producing extraordinary effects. Let us only interrogate ourselves, and examine what have our sensations on hearing in majestic or warlike piece of music, or a tender and pathetic air sung or played with expression. Who does not feel that the latter tends as much to melt the soul and dispose it to pleasure, as the former to animate an exalt it? There is a celebrated air in Switzerland, which, I have no doubt, Miss Villers will presently play to a tyrant who had taken him prisoner, the person who performed the part of the tyrant, and was to have refused his request, was so affected by the music, that he actually melted into tears and clasped the captive in his arms."

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too frequently overcomes the influence of the musical tunes upon our passions. I perceive however, from the expression of our friend's countenance," continued the young lady, "that like a true antiquary, he clings to his subject, though his support be no stronger than a cobweb; under such circumstances I may be permitted to declare my sentiments upon the occasion, and I shall avail myself of this opportunity to express my humble testimony of gratitude, for the information and pleasure which I have just derived from your conversation.

I believe then, gentlemen, that the language of modern music is no less forcible and expressive than that of ancient days; and if you will only allow me to exemplify this truth by an experiment, I feel convinced that the vicar will become my proselyte."

"Indeed, madam! Well, I will consent to trust the cause in your hands," said Mr. Twaddleton.

"Allow me then to ask you, sir, whether you have ever heard of a game, which is justly entitled to the appellation of the *Magic Music?*"

"Never," replied the vicar; "nor can I imagine either the nature, or objects of such a game."

"Its object is to display the power of music as an expressive language; the manner in which I propose to exemplify it, I will, with your permission, explain in a very few words. The musical performer shall place himself at the harp, or piano-forte, surrounded by the party who are desirous of witnessing the pastime; the person to be operated upon must retire from the apartment, until the service which, under the direction of the music, it is determined he shall perform, is duly exchanged by the former for the latter. The musician solved the question, by tastefully exchanging the former air for that of 'Ask if your damask rose be sweet.' No sooner had these notes delivered their melodious clang, than the vicar was seized with a sudden fit of狂笑 (madness), and carried it in triumph to his olfactory organs; at the same moment the music ceased. The pause, however, was but of short duration; for Miss Villers, by resuming her labours, intimated that some farther service was expected. Was he to return the rose? Certainly not; for the attempt was marked by strong disapprobation. Was he to take it out of the room? The musician solved this question by upon that movement; for the vicar had scarcely measured half the distance of the apartment before the air of 'Fly not yet,' arrested his steps. By a continuation of the same varying style of expression, and strongly marked rhythm, the vicar was hurriedly led to affix the rose upon the harp; and he was further directed to strike the chords of that instrument, by the happy introduction of the air of 'Gently touch the warbling lyre.' and he concluded the whole of this curious exhibition as it had been previously determined, by leading Fanny out of the room, which he performed, without any hesitation, the moment the fair musician played Dibdin's popular air of 'Say Fan-yon with thou go with me.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Self Improvement.

The Mechanics' Association of Boston, have been listening to some very interesting lectures from G. W. Light. The Mercantile Journal says that some of his positions were bold and somewhat severe. The following is a very brief sketch of his principles:—

He maintained that no man could be a true Republican, except in proportion as he cultivated the talents his Maker had given him, and made use of the advantages afforded by his country for acquiring a good political education. No man who did not believe such an education practicable with the industrious classes, could consistently believe in the utility of a republican form of government; and consequently all who do not favor universal political education, are practical enemies of our free institutions. Every man who neglects his own improvement, is thereby promoting general despotism in the best way in his power, besides allowing himself to be a political slave.

The same is true in regard to Protestantism.

No man can neglect the improvement of his mind, without practically admitting that he needs an earthly governor in his spiritual affairs. He can with a poor face claim the right to hedge himself in religious concerns, while he is neglecting that mental cultivation which can alone fit him for the proper exercise of this right. Just in proportion as he neglects to educate himself in religion, he allows himself to be a religious slave.

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To extract oil or other grease.—Take some common magnesia—not the calcined, but which is made into small squares—scrape off a small portion, and rub it with your finger on the grease-spot. Let it rest half an hour; then brush it lightly off, and rub on some fresh magnesia. Repeat this several times until the grease disappears entirely. It is best to rub the magnesia on the wrong side of the article.

Pretty cure for a Yankee.—The editor of the Providence Journal knows a thing or two if not more. He tells this good one in his paper of Saturday.

A lady was insulted in the street last Wednesday afternoon, by a fellow who threw his arms around her and attempted to kiss her. He was promptly arrested, and brought before Samuel Curtis, justice of the peace, who sentenced him to three weeks' imprisonment. Several of such cases have occurred here and in New York. The scoundrels generally get off on the plea of insanity, but they have a marvellous method in their madness. We never heard that one of them attempted to kiss an ugly woman. In all the instances that we have known, they manifest a taste in their selection which would do credit to a connoisseur in the full possession of his reason."

I would also take this opportunity to express my thanks to Dr. Megquier for his assiduous attention, and valuable medical services.

Wayne, Nov. 27th 1843.

House for sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the house he now lives in. There is attached to the house a wood shed, Barn, and something short of two acres of excellent land, with a small orchard, principally grapevines. Said property will be sold at a great bargain. For further particulars enquire of

WILLIAM NOYES.

Winthrop, Nov. 23, 1843.

NOTICE is hereby given, that JOSEPH S. BISHOP, of late of Winthrop, now of Wayne, in the County of Kennebec, Saddler, has made an assignment of his estate to me, the subscriber, in trust for the creditors of the said Bishop. And all persons who are indebted to the said Bishop, and those who are indebted to the said Bishop, on the Book of Bishop & Quimby, are requested to make payment to the subscriber without much delay.

ALEX. BELCHER.

Winthrop, Nov. 21, 1843.

E. H. STEVENS,
PAINTER, GLAZIER,
AND
PAPER HANGER.

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Winthrop and vicinity that he continues to occupy the shop in Winthrop Village, nearly opposite the Washingtonian House, where he may at all times be found ready to attend to either of the above branches.

S. The above keeps constantly on hand and for sale mix'd paint of all colors ready for use. Also, for sale, a few first rate Sleights.

A. B. LINCOLN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BARNABY'S MOOR'S
Patent Double Mold-Board, Side
Hi and
Level Land Plough.

AND DEALERS IN
Hardware & Cutlery; Iron, Steel and Glass; Sheet
Lead and Lead Pipe; Cut and Wrought Nails;
Horse Nails, Tacks and Brads; Jappanned
and Brass Topped Dogs; Brass Fire
Sets, Whips, Brushes, Glue,
Hoes, &c.

One Door North of the Post Office.

AUGUSTA, Maine
HIRAM PENDLETON

Thrashing Machine!

THE subscriber would inform the farming community and public in general, that he continues to manufacture his Thrashing Machines of various kinds. He would also tender his sincere thanks for their liberal and still increasing patronage for the last eight years. His improved railway horse power, for simplicity, durability and despatch, is unequalled by any one. He has also thrashers of different sizes, and separators of the first quality and second to none in use and the only separator now in use within his knowledge whose title is undisputed. All of which he has on hand and will warrant them to be made of first rate material.

He has also invented a new, simple and cheap machine for separating the straw and light chaff from the grain and the grain to fall on the floor and to complete the cleaning with a common flailing mill. This machine will not require much extra power and will receive the grain and straw as fast as the common thrasher and save raking of the straw, which all who use the common thrasher find to be very hard work. This machine will be free of patent right as well as his other machines.

Those who are in want of thrashing machines will do well to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

LUTHER WHITMAN.

Winthrop, July 12, 1843.

Cisterns—Cellar Bottoms, &c.

THE Subscriber will inform the public that he builds Cisterns on the most approved plan.

These cisterns have been much approved by those who have had them built. They can be built in cellars any time of the year. The water, if a cleanser is attached, will be sweet and pure for drinking.

My price is as follows:

"Mr. EDITOR:—Among the thousand and one patent machines offered for sale at the present day, there is one to which my attention has been called, which is no humbug; I allude to 'Grimes' Patent Snuff Machine.' Having one of these Machines in my own mill, I speak advisedly, when I say, that it properly set up, it is a perfect cure for smutty grain. It combines in itself three of the most important qualities for any machine, namely,—simplicity of construction, durability of material, and compactness of form.

One of these Machines is now in operation at Mr. Bridge's grist mill, in Augusta, where gentlemen interested would do well to call, and satisfy themselves by personal inspection of the above facts. So thinks a MECHANIC." Apply to I. G. JOHNSON, ALLEGHENY LAMPARD, or the subscriber.

HOMER WEBSTER.

May 4, 1843.

Keep it before the Public,

That the subscribers have purchased the Patent Right of the above CELEBRATED PLough for the County of KENNEBEC, SOMERSET and FRANKLIN, and have commenced manufacturing them in the most perfect manner, and from the best materials, and intends to keep a constant supply on hand.

By the above operation we shall be enabled to furnish the Farmer with the only Plough in existence that will do all kinds of work.

This Plough is working on level, sward land, will lap or match in the most perfect manner. It may be used as the common Plough, by laying out the field in lands, or it may be used right and left, turning the furrow one way, and avoid all dead furrows in the field.

It is the most perfect Side Hill Plough in use, as the laborious task of shifting the Mould Board in the common Plough, is avoided, the action of the team with the touch of the ploughman's toe, shifts the back end of the beam from handle to handle, which fits the beam for either right or left hand furrow. It also forms a double Mould board Plough by shifting the back end of the beam in the center, so as to cross piece between the handles. All kinds of work requiring a double mould board Plough can be done, such as opening drains, furrowing, ridging, ploughing between rows of crops, &c. &c., and last though not least, this Plough is easier draught than any plough in existence, performing an equal amount of work with from 20 to 25 per cent. less power, than the common level Plough. Those in want of a good Plough, are invited to give the one mentioned above, a trial—every part of which is warranted.

A. B. LINCOLN & CO.

Augusta, February 16, 1843.

At the HARD WARE STORE, one door North of the Post Office.

Thrashing Machines.

THE subscribers would inform the public that they have on hand and are now manufacturing.

Particulars Double Horse Power Thrashing Machine,

which they will sell on reasonable terms as at any other establishment in the State. These Machines operate on the Rail Road Principle, and for ease and durability, are second to no Machine in use, and are built of the best materials and workmanship, and warranted to give satisfaction. All those who are in want of a first rate establishment for thrashing will find it to their advantage to call at the shop of the subscribers in Gardiner, and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

PERRY & SMITH.

Gardiner, July 10th, 1843.

Large and small—breast pipes, nipple shells, spring lancets—phials—test tubes—dropping tubes and re-torts, for sale by

HOLMES BRIGHAM & CO., Winthrop.

16w25

A CARD.

BROTHER HOLMES.—Permit me, through your paper, to return my sincere thanks to the citizens of Wayne, and vicinity generally, for their kind attention during my protracted sickness, from which I have not yet fully recovered, and especially would I say to the ladies of Wayne, Livermore, Fayette, and Leeds, accept of my best bows, and warmest gratitude, for the tokens of interest, and regard, so repeatedly manifested in donations of oranges, lemons, preserves of various kinds, jellies, tarts, pies, cheese, and elegantly stamped butter, at the very thoughts of which, the mouth of an epicure would water; in fact, everything that could tempt the appetite of a convalescent, was showered upon me with no niggardly hand. God bless the ladies, and should disease lay its withering hand upon them, may they never be wanting in attentions so gratifying, or friends kind.

I would also take this opportunity to express my thanks to Dr. Megquier for his assiduous attention, and valuable medical services.

N. H. CARY.

Wayne, Nov. 27th 1843.

Paints, Oils, Dyes, &c., Medicines and Groceries.

THE subscribers would give notice that they have taken the store recently occupied by Ezra White man Jr., where they will keep on hand a good assortment of Paints, Oils, Dyes, &c., Medicines.

Among which are

White Lead, ground and Liquorice Paste	Corrosive Sublimate
Red Lead	Calomel
Litharge	Turkey Rhubarb
Venetian Red	Turkey Opium
Paris White	Ipecac
Spanish Brown	Jalap
Ochres	Alexandria Senna
Vermillion	Lobelia
Terpinen Oil	Cayenne
Sassafras	Peruvian Bark
Stibnite	Quinine
Copal	Morphine
Mastic	Iodine
Gamboge	Iodate of Potash
Almond Oil	Sinapine
Castor Oil	Musk
Olive Oil	Galbanum
Oil Pepperint	Balsam Toil
Oil Anise	Balsam Copaiba
Oil of Cummin	Burgundy Pitch
Oil Sassafras	Salt of Potash
Bergamot	Salt of Soda
Lavender	Salts of Ammonia
Camwood	Chloride of Lime
Redwood	Phosphorus
Fusio	Acetate of Lead
Indigo	Oxide of Arsenic
Copras	Oxide of Bismuth
Blue Vitriol	Metallic Tin
	" Bismuth
	Gum Arabic
	Sassafrida
	Myrich
	Galbanum
	Saffron
	Colchicum
	Quassia
	Aloe
	Valerian
	Cascara
	Gentian
	Sarsaparilla (Spanish)

These, with many more, have been selected with great care, from the best establishments in Boston, and are confidently recommended as being of first quality. They have also on hand a large assortment of CHEMICAL & PHARMACEUTICAL preparations, manufactured with the greatest care and attention at their establishment, which they will sell at wholesale or retail to suit purchasers. They also keep for sale a good supply of

Groceries.

Such as

Tea	Raisins
Coffee	Almonds
Sugar	Chunuts
Rice	Castaneras
	Filiberts
Salt (coarse and fine)	Also,
Salteratus	Chalk
Pearlash	Whiting
Pepper	Glass
Allspice	Resin
Ginger	Tar
Vinegar	Turpentine, &c. &c.

IT Please call and examine for yourselves.

HOLMES, BRIGHAM & CO. (Cheap side),

nearly opposite the Washingtonian House, Winthrop.

145

Just published, (a six dollar book published and sold at three dollars.)

SEAR'S POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS.

The most splendidly illustrated works for families ever issued on the American continent, containing more than two thousand beautiful engravings, designed and executed by the most eminent artists of England and America. Published and sold by Sears & Walker, Nos. 114 Fulton and 122 Nassau Street, New York city.

Just published, (a six dollar book published and sold at three dollars.)

THE Christian's Gift for 1844.

The most splendidly illustrated work on Bible History ever offered to the American public, embellished with several hundred new and fine engravings—the whole work (two volumes in one) making seven hundred large and closely printed octavo pages, elegantly bound in gilt, and lettered, in the most finished style of modern book making. Price only three dollars being the cheapest work ever published in the world! The publishers respectfully request Gentlemen, teachers of Sabbath Schools, and others to call and examine this work, which is now in every principal city and town.

* * * All Postmasters are requested to act as Agents.

To Publishers of papers throughout the United States and British North America.

The above works will be found the most useful and popular ever published for enterprising men to undertake the sale of in all our principal cities and towns.

* * * All Postmasters are requested to act as Agents.

To Publishers of papers throughout the United States and British North America.

Newspapers, copying the above entire, without any deduction or charge, and giving it every weekly insertion, shall receive copies of the above works (subject to their order,) by sending direct to the publisher. Will proprietors of newspapers throughout the country, when it is convenient, act as Agents, and receive subscriptions? The most liberal per centage given.

Highly Important to Consumers.

THE TIME HAS COME WHEN CONSUMPTION.

THE TIME HAS COME WHEN CONSUMPTION may be classed with the curable diseases.

The subscriber announces the gratifying intelligence that he is constantly receiving from England large supplies of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life!

The only compound known to the Medical Faculty which will effect a speedy and permanent cure of that dreadful malady.

Consumption!

AND ALL DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

For the last six years the HUNGARIAN BALSAM has been in extensive use in Great Britain, and throughout the Continent of Europe, where it has completely astounded the Medical Faculty by its unparalleled success in the cure of

THE MOST HOPELESS CASES

of Consumption ever brought under their notice.

In England it has cured thousands upon thousands—of all classes—in cases of the most dangerous Consumption character—and the English papers are full of the most extravagant eulogiums upon it, and upon its distinguished author.

This Balsam has also been introduced into the practice of some of the best Hospitals, Infirmaries, and other Institutions in Great Britain, and has received the public sanction of the most distinguished Chemists and professional men, as the

MOST WONDERFUL CURATIVE

of Pulmonary Diseases in the whole range of Pharmacy.

A Committee of Seven of the most celebrated Physicians of London, who were requested by Dr. Buchan to give their unbiased opinion of his Balsam, have, under their own names, unreservedly pronounced it an

UNRIVALLED SPECIFIC,

And they unhesitatingly recommend it to be kept in every family of a CONSUMPTIVE TENDENCY.

The joint certificate of these Physicians accompanies each bottle of the Balsam.

Dr. Buchan has been elected an honorary member of all the

POETRY.

For the Farmer and Advocate.

EXPRESSION.

Thou art the one peerless gem in beauty's crown,
Which rivals all the accessions of art,
Thou hast a magic power, bright gem, we own,
Acting alike on the mind and the heart.

No beauty of feature compares with thy charm;
No form of complexion enhances thy power;
But the proudest of earths own thy sovereign palm;
And the adamantine heart flows in mildness o'er.

THE STRANGER'S EXPRESSION.

Stranger, I met thee once, and thou wast alone;
Kneeling devoutly o'er that sacred shrine
As if praying. Methought some angel like tone
On mine ear was stealing—This sweet voice was thine.

Just when those dark eyes turned with kindness on me,

And lent their expression, from heaven descended;
My sorrowful heart turned with fondness to thee,
I viewed thee with love and reverence blended.

Those eyes are the types of a sentient mind;
Thou art worthy of love; I was not deceived—
And though thine advances I promptly declined,
'Twas etiquette prompted; society's friend.

But say, should blind stragglers decide our fate?
Or stile acknowledged impressions of a heart;
Should not reason teach honor to yield her state
And bow, e'er the destined ones forever part.

I'll not be a thorn in thy pathway here,
To mar the rich blessings of love's honored boon,
May happiness crown thee, and devotion's flower
Ever flourish around thy domestic home.

Winthrop. VALE. *

STANZAS.

[Selected for the Northern Light, from the writings of the late Cicero Lovelace.]

Oh! who shall smooth my icy brow,
And sunken eyelids gently close?
There are but few who love me now,—
Will even one, remain of those,
To note the unregarded grave,
Where I must soon or late repose;

In burning tears its sod to save,
Or plant with trembling hand the rose?

It is a thought to turn to bliss
The fears that lie the tomb beneath,
That we shall feel the faltering kiss,
And warm affection's deep drawn breath,
Stole softly o'er our dying cheek,
And hear the parting vow that saith,

Its accents, tremulous and weak,
A soul shall cling to us in death.

Is there a heart so cold and dead
On earth, that would not wildly leap,
To know, that o'er its grassy bed,
The form it loves will bending weep,
And when all others have forgot,
Its silent vigils still shall keep,

Upon that lone neglected spot,
And watch above a "dreamless sleep."

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!

The night's coming on,

When friend and when brother

Perchance may be gone!

Then midst our dejection,

How sweet to have earned

The blest recollection

Of kindness—RETURNED.

When day hath departed,

And Memory keeps

Her watch, broken hearted,

Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assai not,

Nor envy disprove—

Let trifles prevail not

Against those ye love!

No change with to-morrow,

Should fortune take wing,

But the deeper the sorrow,

The closer still clings!

Oh, be kind to each other!

The night's coming on,

When friend and when brother

Perchance may be gone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Young Traders.

BY SEBA SMITH.

THE ORIGINAL "JACK DOWNING."

(Concluded.)

At the dreaded first day of January arrived, and Williams called again upon M—. He appealed at once to his generosity, told him he had not been able to raise the money, and was entirely in his power; but if he could come to any agreement to allow him six months more time, he believed he should be able to take up the note. M— replied, that circumstances had occurred within a few days that would render it necessary for him to keep the farm, and therefore, he could not do any thing about it.

"Is that your final decision?" said Williams, with a sad desponding look.

"Yes," M— coolly replied.

"But you are not going to take my farm from me," said Williams, "for that seven hundred dollars."

"No, I have it already," said M—; "the farm is mine; the deed is in my name, and the only question is, whether I shall sell it to you for seven hundred dollars. And I have concluded not to do it; so the matter is ended."

"Well, if it must be so," said Williams, "perhaps you will rent the farm to me on reasonable terms, and allow me to live there and carry it on."

"You are to late," said M—; "I have rented it already."

"Is it possible?" said Williams. "At least you will allow me to keep my family there till spring, that I may have a little time to look round for business and another house?"

"I shall not be able to," said M—, "for I have let it to a friend who has suffered by the fire, and who has concluded to move into the country."

"And how soon shall I be compelled to leave it?" said Williams.

"Oh, I don't wish to be hard with you," said M—; "you may have a week to move. My friend wanted to take possession immediately, but I'll get him to put it off a week. But you must be sure and get out by the end of the week, for he will be up there with his family and will take immediate possession."

Williams left the office without saying another word. His last hope had departed, which was that he might rent the farm, and be able to live on it, in case he should lose

the possession of it. He wandered about town for an hour or two, racked with the most painful and heart-sickening emotions. But after a while his feelings had passed their crisis, and he became more calm. After revolving a hundred projects he came at last to the conclusion to remove his family at once to New York, and trust to Providence for what might follow. It was possible that out of the affairs of the insurance company he might get a little something towards the insurance on his store; and at any rate, industry and perseverance would be likely to find some employment or business in New York, if it was to be found any where in the world.

Having made up his mind to do this he determined to engage apartments before he left the city, that he might move his family into them immediately on his return, and not be subjected to a bill of expense at the hotel. He spent almost a day in what is called, in New York, "house hunting." But the rents were so very high that he almost became discouraged at his undertaking. He had but fifty dollars left, with which to move, pay rent, and go to housekeeping. He determined therefore to take a couple of rooms at the lowest possible rent; but after a long search he could find nothing comfortable short of a hundred and fifty dollars a year. This was more than he was willing to venture, and at last he took up with a couple of very poor chambermen in Canal street, at a hundred dollars; and as they required a quarter's rent in advance, he was obliged to pay over one half of the money to his landlord to begin with.

With the other twenty-five dollars in his pocket he went home; and without attempting to describe the scene which followed, it must suffice to say, that in three day's time, having sold a few articles to their neighbors, given away a few more, and packed up the remainder, they started for New York.

When they had reached their journey's end, and unloaded their little cargo, and stored it away in their chambers, the shades of night began to gather around them. The chambers looked dark, and gloomy, and uncomfortable, and in every thing so unlike the pleasant home they had left, that for once Mrs. Williams' eyes were filled with tears. She, however, soon summoned her resolution again, and assumed her accustomed cheerfulness; for she had resolved to abide her fortune, whatever it might be, with patience and cheerful resignation.

Having arranged their little household, Mr. Williams the next day began to look about the city to see whether he could meet with an opening for business or employment. Want of success the first day, and the second, and the third, did not discourage him, or check his perseverance. He continued his rambles early and late, in all parts of the city, becoming acquainted with its localities, and seeking for employment. Mrs. Williams did her own house-work, in which, however, she was greatly assisted by Thomas; and in addition to this, she in the course of two or three days called at a neighboring shop, that employed seamstresses, and took home some sewing-work, for which she was to receive a moderate compensation.

Mr. Williams not succeeding for two or three weeks in getting business, and his money being nearly gone, he sold his horse for thirty dollars, which was less than half his value; but he needed the money, and besides, the keeping of him was a heavy and unnecessary tax. At last he obtained a stand in the Clinton market, for the sale of country produce, which, tho' the profits were small, he considered better than nothing, as it would in part, at least, supply them with provisions.

Thomas, in the mean time, was by no means idle. He was a noble spirited boy, and nobly did he put forth his energies to bring comfort to his parents, and help retrieve their fortunes. Every day, as soon as he had done what he could to assist his mother in the more laborious part of her domestic affairs, he too went abroad in search of employment. But there had been so many clerks and boys thrown out of employment by the great fire, that it was more difficult than usual to obtain a situation, and Thomas made hundreds of applications, without the least success. At length, however, in his rambles about the streets, he made some acquaintance with two or three newsboys, whom he frequently met, and of whom he had often inquired if they knew of any chance for a boy to get work. In his conversation with these boys, and in watching their movements, he learned something about the nature of their business. He found that they purchased their papers at the offices at a quarter and a third discount from the retail prices, and that most of them did a pretty fair business, especially if they were active and industrious, and that some of them might be said to make good wages.

He resolved to try his fortune for a while as a newsboy; and accordingly he procured a supply of papers and entered into the business with spirit. He was gentle in his appearance, and, attractive in his manners, which induced many to purchase of him when they could meet with him, in preference to the other boys. Thus it was not long before he began to do a pretty fair business; and as he extended his acquaintance about the city, and came to understand all the crooks and turns of the trade, his profits equalled the most successful boys in the sum line of business, and were in fact found to be considerably more, every week, than his father could make at his stand in the market.

It being ascertained, after awhile, that the united earnings of the three were more than enough, in their economical mode of living, for their weekly support, it was arranged that Thomas, after paying a dollar and a half a week for his board, should deposit the rest of his earnings in the Savings Bank. This he did regularly every week, sometimes depositing a dollar or a dollar and a half, sometimes two dollars, and in some instances, when the news of the week was more than usually interesting, the sum was as large as three dollars.

Things went on in this way several months; and though they did not by any means live so pleasantly and happily as they did at the cottage in the country, still when they found they were getting an honest and comfortable living, though they had to work very hard for it, they were patient and tolerably contented, and as they became more and more accustomed to their new condition, they not only resolved to make the best of it, but gradually gratified to receive a visit from Margaret, and from that time she became a constant visitor again at the house of Mr. Williams, calling two or three times a week, and sometimes dropping in a few minutes almost

near the old church at the corner of William and Fulton streets, where gentleman stopped him to purchase a paper. As the gentleman was hunting for this change to pay for the paper, Thomas was suddenly startled by the sound of a soft, pleasant voice, crying strawberries. The sound broke upon his ear like the most delightful music he ever heard. It thrilled through his very soul; for it seemed to him it could be none other than the voice of Margaret Allen. He turned in the direction of the voice, and he saw a young female form gliding across William and Ann street. Her side was towards him, and her face was concealed by her sunbonnet, so he could not see her features, but she was about the size of Margaret, and it was Margaret's free elastic step. She had a strawberry-basket in her hand, and just as she disappeared from his view that thrilling sound came once more to his ear. He could not be mistaken, it must be Margaret. He felt almost as though he should fly. The gentleman had not received his paper, and would not till he had got the change ready, or Thomas would not have waited for the change. But he was embarrassed, and did not care to run and leave the gentleman till he had taken his paper. As soon as that matter was accomplished, however, he started and ran to the corner of Ann street, but the girl was out of sight. He ran up Ann street till he came to Nassau, and looked each way, but could see nothing of her. He hastened through Nassau towards the Park, till he came out at Beekman street, and still his pursuit was in vain. After that he spent nearly an hour wandering round block after block in that part of the city, but could not get a glimpse of her again, nor did he again hear the sound of that voice.

He went home at night disappointed and heavy-hearted. His mother perceived that something was the matter, and asked him if he was not well. When he told her the incident he had met with, and how disappointed he felt, she told him she had no doubt he was borrowing trouble for nothing, for she had no idea it was Margaret. It was probably some girl of her size, and whose voice sounded like hers, but there was not the least probability that Margaret was in the city. When Mr. Williams came in, he was of the same opinion. He did not think it at all likely that Margaret was in the city. All they could say, however, could not persuade Thomas that he had not seen Margaret Allen.

Having arranged their little household, Mr. Williams the next day began to look about the city to see whether he could meet with an opening for business or employment. Want of success the first day, and the second, and the third, did not discourage him, or check his perseverance. He continued his rambles early and late, in all parts of the city, becoming acquainted with its localities, and seeking for employment. Mrs. Williams did her own house-work, in which, however, she was greatly assisted by Thomas; and in addition to this, she in the course of two or three days called at a neighboring shop, that employed seamstresses, and took home some sewing-work, for which she was to receive a moderate compensation.

For a whole week to come, Thomas watched every day to see whether he could meet with an opening for business or employment. Want of success the first day, and the second, and the third, did not discourage him, or check his perseverance. He continued his rambles early and late, in all parts of the city, becoming acquainted with its localities, and seeking for employment. Mrs. Williams did her own house-work, in which, however, she was greatly assisted by Thomas; and in addition to this, she in the course of two or three days called at a neighboring shop, that employed seamstresses, and took home some sewing-work, for which she was to receive a moderate compensation.

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With this feeling he went earnestly to his task every morning, and left it unwillingly each night; and his receipts at the end of the week were less than they had been for many weeks before, the deficiency must be attributed to his taking many new routes which he had not before been accustomed to take, and ranging through the suburbs and all sections of the city. On the second week after his father's return, Thomas was passing one day through Hudson street, when he heard again the well known sound of Margaret's voice. He turned hastily and met Margaret face to face. She started suddenly when she saw him, and her blood rose at one bound as though it would burst through her cheeks. And then she began to grow a little pale, and then she burst into tears. Thomas took her by the hand, and led her to the steps of the house at the southeast corner of Beech and Hudson streets, where they sat down for half an hour, to learn each other's history since they had been separated. Margaret informed him that after the death of her father, and the disposal of his property, she had no home and no friends to go to, except her aunt in New York. She accordingly got on board of a steamboat, when they began to run in the spring, and came down to New York, and after some difficulty, succeeded in finding her aunt, who kept a fruit-shop on Greenwich street near the Washington Market.

Margaret found her aunt in humble circumstances, but kindly disposed. She had one daughter, about Margaret's age, who was at home and unable to do anything but stay in the shop and wait upon customers; and she had two smaller children. She had hard work to support her little family, but nevertheless, when Margaret came, she told her she would stay with her and they would do the best they could. As Margaret was not needed to tend the shop, she soon hit upon the expedient of carrying out fruit to sell about the city. In a couple of months she understood the business so well, and performed it so successfully, that her aunt said she earned more than enough to pay her board, and after taking out a fair equivalent for that Margaret's future use.

When Thomas and Margaret had interchanged the leading points of their history, he accompanied her down Greenwich street to the shop, of her aunt, so as to learn her place of abode, and after he had completed his route for the day, he called for her to go and spend the evening at his father's in Canal street. The whole family were exceedingly gratified to receive a visit from Margaret, and from that time she became a constant visitor again at the house of Mr. Williams, calling two or three times a week, and sometimes dropping in a few minutes almost

every day in the week; and though everything was so changed from what it used to be at the cottage, yet with the addition of her company the family group was cheerful, and in good degree happy.

Without the occurrence of any important incident, or any material change in their fortunes, they continued in the same routine of their several occupations through the following year. Margaret during the pleasant part of the year, carried round her little basket of fruits, varying according to the season; and now it so happened that she and Thomas would meet while on their accustomed rounds almost every day. Soon learning the usual course of each other's routes, and in what part of the city they were in the habit of going at certain hours of the day they would come out together at some corner or some square, almost as it were by instinct. And it was their custom once a day when they met to exchange a portion of their commodities, that is, Thomas would give her one of his papers to read, and take home to his aunt; and she would urge upon him to take a taste of her fruit, whatever it might be.

During the second year of their residence in New York, Mr. Williams' prospects became more cloudy again, and his heart more sad. His business in the city had never been very successful and his profits had been very small, so that this summer they had often been obliged to draw an additional dollar a week from Thomas' little funds, to make the family comfortable. But the worst of it was, that his constant toil, and care, and anxiety, had made fearful inroads upon his health; so that he was now scarcely able to attend to any business, and his physician told him, unless he gave his constitution a chance to rally by some material change, such as a sea-voyage, or a long journey, he would soon sink so low as to be past recovery. This, together with a report he had heard, that a cousin of his, who had gone out to Texas a year or two before, had died there leaving considerable property which might probably be obtained by his relatives looking after it induced him to take a voyage to that country. Accordingly, making the best preparation he could for the comfort of his family during his absence, he sailed in November for Texas, not expecting to return again before the next Spring.

The next Spring, came, and passed into Summer, for the leafy month of June had come round and still Mr. Williams had not returned. They had heard from him occasionally by letter, and the last news that came, a few weeks before, was that his health was a little improved, and that he should probably be at home by the last of June, but without having been able to obtain a dollar of the property which he had hoped to recover.

It was something past the middle of June, and a warm day, that Thomas was passing up Broadway, near St. Paul's Church, in the neighbourhood of the Astor House, when he sat down upon the steps on the shady side of the street to rest. He had a presentiment that Margaret was somewhere in the vicinity, and that he should not have to wait there long without seeing her. And so it turned out; for it was but a few minutes before she came along, with her quiet gentle air, and sat her basket of fresh strawberries down by his side and asked him to help himself. Thomas, as usual, handed her his best morning paper, which she opened to read a few minutes as she stood in the shade of the buildings, first throwing back her sun-bonnet from her head, which exposed to view her beautiful hair, smoothly parted on her forehead, and brought down in flowing ringlets about her neck.

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